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It ill behoves the present editor to sneer at the taste and to fall foul of the historian; for without Dennistoun, Mr. Hutton would have been far to seek for his own "Cities of Umbria." On first hearing of the new edition one wondered how this sturdy Scotch Protestant of Protestants would accord with the soft, seductive philanderer with the Scarlet Lady. And, of a truth, the apologist of the Roman Church has not treated the Scotchman well. Like Wordsworth's robin with the butterfly, it was his business to love him and leave him alone. Nor is the ungraciousness redeemed by weight and seriousness. Barring the rather puerile interjections appended to the chapters on art, the annotations consist, for the most part, of references to Mr. Hutton's own book on Sigismondo Malatesta. The editor does not seem to be acquainted with the archives at first hand and in the original form and tongue, but limits himself to recent historical works of little interest to any but the scholar who would already be familiar with them.

One wishes the editor might have been more of a scholar or more of a connoisseur—some one, for choice, accustomed to ransacking libraries and transmuting the spoils into more precious metals. But on any terms, it is an excellent matter to have a reprint of the eternally delightful and serious Dennistoun.

For Mr. Horsburgh's book on "Lorenzo the Magnificent and Florence in Her Golden Age,"* there is a clear place and an excellent *raison d'être*. It is written, not primarily for scholars, but for the average cultivated reader who knows Italy and its history in a general way and is glad to know more. Without the cumbrous apparatus of bibliography and marginal reference, it offers a clear account of the historical situation within which Lorenzo moved, and a full and readable account of his surroundings and his policies. That the reader brings away from it rather a corrected knowledge of the great Medici than a sharp impression is not the fault of the author, unless it be accounted a fault to have no genius. Everything else he has—candor, knowledge, a large and wise judgment of the age and the types with which he is called to deal, and, more than all, an engaging freshness and naïveté of spirit. It is the fashion of the moment now to justify every-

* "Lorenzo the Magnificent and Florence in Her Golden Age." By E. S. Horsburgh. Putnam's Sons, 1908.

thing in the past, the factious republics, the sanguinary tyrants, the scepticism of scholars and the effrontery of Popes. Lucretia Borgia has been completely rehabilitated and Sigismondo Malatesta whitewashed. But Mr. Horsburgh takes such pains with his evidence and his argument that one is willing to believe anything for the work's sake. The style, which it were unfair to call slipshod, is yet lacking in distinction, but perhaps it is all the happier medium for a temper so ingenuous, straightforward and sincere.

To one whose only association with the name of Winkworth has been "The Life and Sermons of Dr. John Tauler," the "*Theologia Germanica*" and the "*Lyra Germanica*" (both the latter now included in "The Golden Treasury" series), and who opens the "Memorials of Two Sisters"* expecting to find mystic communings and the meditations of recluses, a rude shock is already prepared by the two handsome portraits; the round, plump, humorous, early-Victorian type of countenance is no more closely related to the workaday world than the full, active and interesting lives of the two sisters. To turn back to life lived as it was before 1875 is always to get a large sense of leisure and thoroughness, of life carried on more or less as an orderly retail business rather than in the gross, wholesale manner of the present.

But how charming and how interesting it all is, and how one delights in hearing these sisters tell how their hearts bound at the thought of being able to get lessons in logic and moral philosophy, though they would have preferred grammar and composition. To be sure, their tutors were the Rev. William Gaskell and Dr. James Martineau. "Fancy how my heart jumped at the idea of Mr. Martineau teaching anything!" writes Susanna.

But learning was not everything. These young ladies dance the quadrille with Charles Dickens when he has just sent off the month's instalment of "David Copperfield," a task that occupied him the first fortnight of every month, he tells them. They comment upon Miss Mulock, who has just published her first novel and who lives in London with another lady friend; "and they have latch-keys to the front door, quite like men." These young ladies who translate German mysticism go to balls at seven o'clock

* "Memorials of Two Sisters: Susanna and Catherine Winkworth." Edited by Margaret J. Shaen. Longmans, Green & Co., 1908.